The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
Shew me a mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her bewtie serue but as a note,
Where I may reade who past that passing faire:
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Capu. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as we to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?
Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a straunger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
Pari. Younger then she, are happie mothers made.
Capu. And too soone marde are those so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her hart,
My will to her consent, is but a part.
And shee agreed, within her scope of choise
Lyes my consent, and faire according voyce:
This night I hold, an old accustomd feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest:
Such as I loue, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earthtreading starres, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as do lustie young men feele,
When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele,
Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see: And

And like her most, whose merit mo
Which one more view, of many, m
May stand in number, though in re
Come go with me, go sirrah trudge
Through faire *Verona*, find those pe
Whose names are written there, an
My house and welcome, on their pl

Serv. Find them out whose name
ten, that the shoo-maker should m
tayler with his last, the fisher with h
his nets. But I am sent to find thos
here writ, and can neuer find wha
hath here writ (I must to the learne

Enter Benuolio, *and* R

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes ou
On paine is lesned by an others ang
Turne giddie, and be holpe by back
One desperate greefe, cures with an
Take thou some new infection to t
And the rancke poyson of the old v
Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is exc
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Romeo. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more t
Shut vp in prison, kept without my
Whipt and tormented, and Godder
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can y
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my
Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it
But I pray can you read any thing y
Rom. I if I know the letters and th
Ser. Yee say honestly, rest you m
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.73)